

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Tattoo Tears"

[2Pac:]

Live back at 'cha Westside baby

Aight fuck it, we gone flip some new shit now

You heard "All Eyez on Me," niggas know what time it is

(Makaveli the Don) 'Pac do it like that

Rhyming and stealing, selling five million

(Outlaw... ninety-nine)

Fresh out on bail, niggas still can't see me

(Napoleon, E.D.I, Young Noble, Fatal Hussein)

That's how it is

Now we got a new motherfuckin' plan, and a new mission

(Makaveli the Don, Greg Nice, Outlaw - Outlaw)

Competition, so they say, these niggas is gay

(Outlaw - Outlaw)

Blast me? It could never happen

At least not while I'm walking and rapping

Heard of some niggas on the other side of town who wanna ride wit me

(Throw ya hands up, hands up)

They can't hide, listen to the rough shit, my click

(Throw ya motherfuckin' hands up)

I said many times busters still can't see

Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)

I been handling stress in this shit for years

Blazed out shedding tattooed tears; now, I

Said many times busters still can't see

Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)

I been handling stress in this shit for years

Blazed out shedding tattooed tears

Now, Rock-a-bye baby, I'm thugged out and so crazy

Don't want to hurt a soul nigga, so don't make me

I got a dream to see my whole team in Lexus Coupes

My enemies dead n buried, now the stress is through

But that's a dream, though it seems like reality; there'll

Never be peace long as there's fiends on these Cali streets

Even on the other side brothers die, but ride

Niggas get high off a slow form of suicide

Hide the closest thoughts, the war is fought as casualties

I live my life to fucking mo', expound tragically

How can we find some peace and niggas still ain't get a piece

I know I'm probably hellbound, but we got to eat

I'm seeing Satin infiltrating; my military mind

Make me hustle all the time, go out for cash making

Forgive my adversaries they don't understand what we go through

To become a man, we shedding tattooed tears

[2Pac + Young Noble:]

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[2Pac:] Thugged out baby!

[Young Noble:]
We don't shed tears we shed blood
Do you still wanna be a thug? HUH? WHAT?
 We don't shed tears we shed blood
 Do you still wanna be a thug?

Yo, criminal ways of thinking made me crave Abe Lincolns
The days I spent stinking caught victims on the weekends
 Seeking a better path, expose a better half of me
 Blast for me, the task after me
 For a few years shedding tattooed tears
Like Gram' Sammy, we feuding for the whole damn family
 We scarred up, homies is barred up for mad time
 Outlawz locked down for some past crimes
 Fast dimes made my stash grow smaller
 Your block ain't no harder, fake baller

[Napoleon:]
Nigga it's like this
 I been thuggin just for the cause of it
 Out to get all of it, but I'll never loose my balls and shit
 And it's all for the pressure
 That'll make me cock my shit up off the dresser
 Made nigga mafia of course my niggas gonna test ya
 Answers to the questions, bullets to my Smith N' Wesson
 Still stucked up in a fuck session, Jersey where the niggas flexing
 Po-po's guessing if the stolen car gonna do a drive-by
 Wet em up from his shoulders, leave him bye-bye
 Now mama cry-cry, but it ain't my time to either die-die
 So ask me why-why, but I feel that God owe me my life
 For the things he did, but I turn my pleasure into sin
 Blazed out shedding tattooed tears

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[Kadafi:]

Shit... ain't no unity in my community it's do or die
Seein' my opportunities through these bars of hell while getting high
As life replays like time; underhanded schemes
To get that cream and thangs while living this life of crime
My enemies want me squeezed
They get dumped like 3's, with 57 wasted at they knees
Please beware we thugs revolution size
Criminals dare be last mental me institutionalize
Locked down, got many shell shocked, now
Holding down fort like I'm stuck in court cell block style

[Kastro:]

Yo I been losing sleep, stay awake way past late
Visions of killers en masse at the blast mayne
As I lay here gatted down and tatted
Knowing now it's hard to slow down for a addict
It's been years of struggling, guzzling beers
Beefin and never even, ain't no love in the air
And I suffer my shit in hell, talking to the heavens
Walking through the valley of death with my fellas
I lost a lot, starting with hope I tried
And for every tattoo I got a moment I cried
I'm through with the lies, the two in my eyes, yell pain
Step in my shoes, nuttin to lose, but my brain
I'mma hold it down tho', with all the struggle to bear
Ain't nothing to fear, crying these tattooed tears
Come on...

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Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

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